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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY JOHN A. HOWS.

NEW YORK:
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Published uniform with the "LIBERTY BELL."

I.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER,

WITH [illegible]s.

Music adapted fro[illegible]is H. Brown.

TH[illegible],

Illustrated [illegible]arley.

IL

MUSIC [illegible]N.

Price Twenty-five Cents.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

A SOUND like the sound of a tempest rolled,
And the heart of a people stirred,
For the bell of freedom at midnight tolled,
Through a fettered land was heard;
And the chime still rung
From its iron tongue,
Steadily swaying to and fro;
And to some it came
As a breath of flame,
And to some as a sound of woe.

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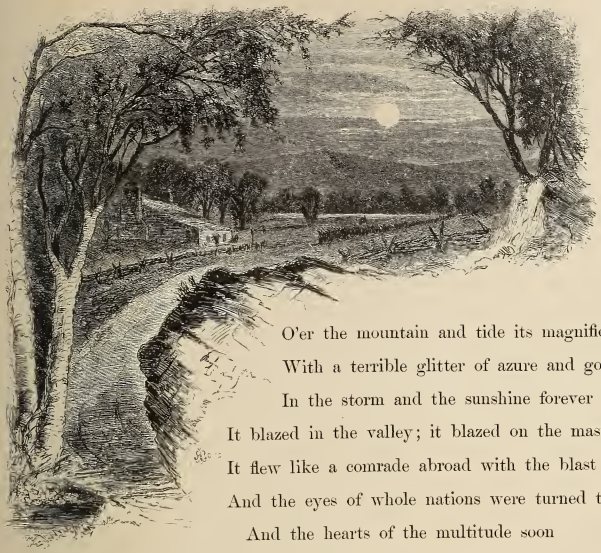
*** Rung in Philadelphia upon the announcement of the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776.

II.

Upon the tall mountain, upon the tost wave,
It was heard by the fettered, and heard by the brave;
It was heard in the cottage, and heard in the hall,
And its chime gave a glorious summons to all.
The old sabre was sharpened, the time-rusted blade
Of the bond started out in the pioneer's glade,
Like the herald of wrath—and the host was arrayed!

III.

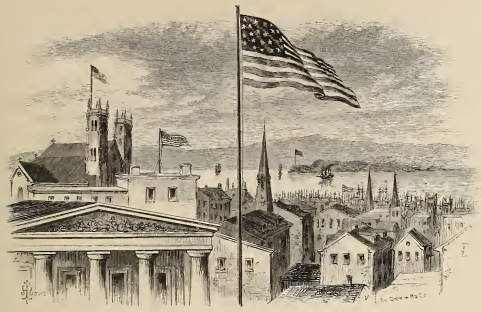
Along the tall mountain, along the tost wave,
Swept the ranks of the bond, swept the ranks of the brave;
And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,
  And a sun-drinking banner unfurled,
Like an archangel's pinion flashed out from his home,
  Uttered freedom and hope to the world.



O'er the mountain and tide its magnificent fold,
With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,
In the storm and the sunshine forever unrolled.
It blazed in the valley; it blazed on the mast;
It flew like a comrade abroad with the blast;
And the eyes of whole nations were turned to its light;
And the hearts of the multitude soon
Were swayed by its stars as they shone through the night,
Like an ocean when swayed by the moon.

IV.

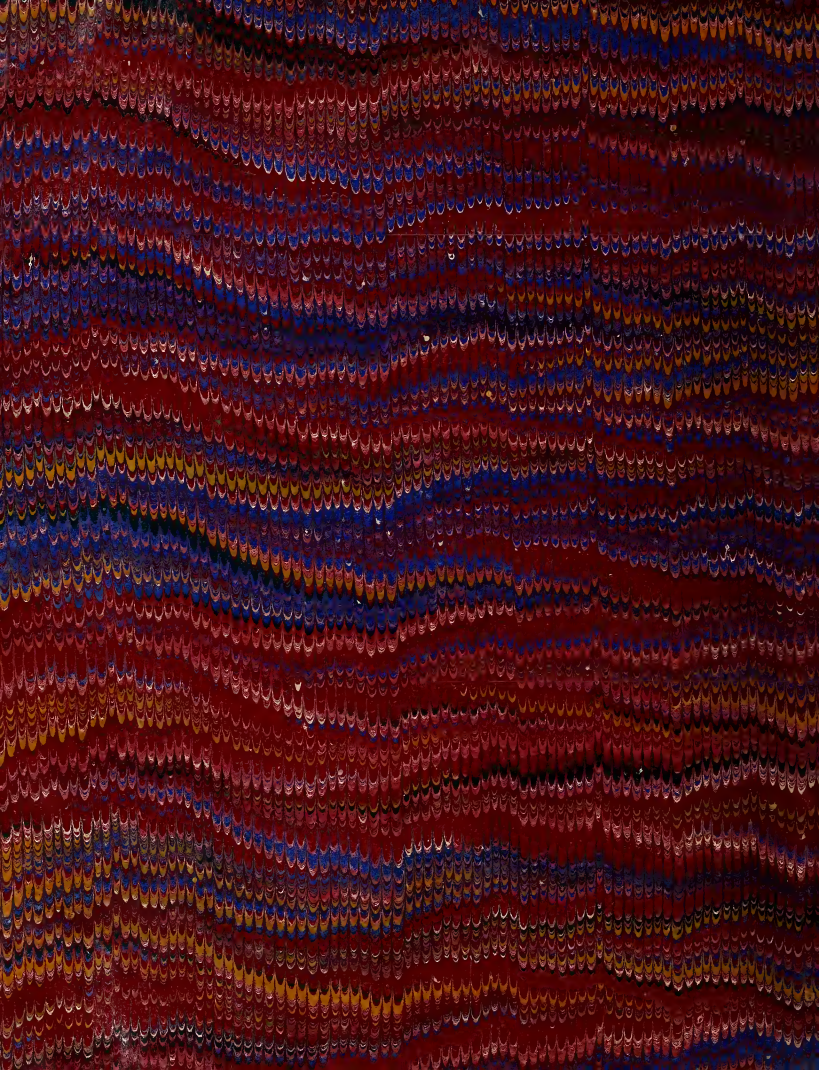
Again through the midnight that bell thunders out;
And banners and torches are hurried about.
A shout as of waters, a long-uttered cry!
How it leaps, how it leaps from the earth to the sky!
From the sky to the earth, from the earth to the sea,
Hear the chorus re-echoed, "*The people are free!*"

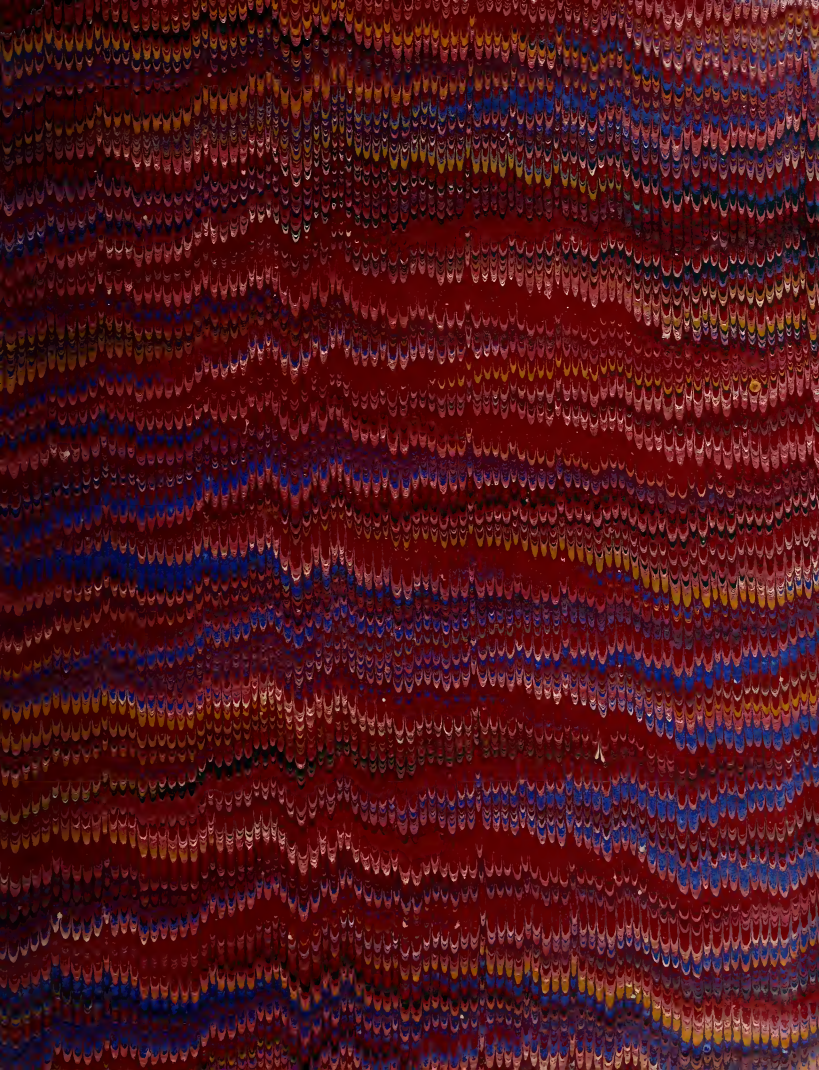


V.

That old bell is still seen by the patriot's eye,
And he blesses it ever when journeying by:
Long years have passed over it, and yet every soul
Must thrill in the night to its deep, solemn roll;
For it speaks in its belfry when kissed by the blast,
Like a broad blessing breathed from the lips of the Past.
Long years will roll o'er it, and yet every chime
Must unceasingly tell of an era sublime,
And more splendid, more dear than the rest of all Time.
Oh, yes! if the flame on our altars should pale,
Let its voice but be heard, and the freeman will start
To rekindle the fire, while he sees on the gale
All the stars, all the stripes of the flag of his heart.

C. A. ALVORD, PRINTER.





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